Quicksilver Ficlets

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Quicksilver Ficlets

by Weconqueratdawn

Summary

Little tumblr ficlets which belong in the Quicksilver AU, created with theseavoices - Will is a student and genderfluid, and Hannibal is crazy-in-love. Romance and much cuteness happens.

1. Birthday
2. Vaporiser
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13. Snake ring
14. Hannibal meets Kyle
15. Bathing Suit
16. First Argument
17. Hammer Horror Halloween
18. Hannibal and Bev

Notes

I have a couple of these ficlets now, and potential for more, so to keep everything tidy I'm posting them here.

The first was written for aviran007's birthday a few months ago - Daniel Deronda gets an honorary mention as it's her favourite Hugh film :)

See the end of the work for more notes

Birthday

“You promised,” Will said.

The envelope lay innocently enough on the breakfast table between them. Will’s name was inked on it in restrained, looping copperplate.

“I did,” Hannibal agreed, sipping his coffee. “And I have kept it. No presents, no flowers.”

“Then what’s this?” Will frowned. It made his mouth purse charmingly. “You’ve given me enough gifts already.”

“It cost nothing,” Hannibal said. “Only my time. Whether it was worth it is for you to decide.”

Will palmed the envelope and picked at the flap with a fingernail, elbows planted on the table. His brow remained furrowed, but he tore it open anyway. Hannibal smiled.

The frown vanished quickly, replaced by something softer, more complex. Hannibal felt a pang of regret – his efforts would always be inadequate. He could never fully capture the changeability of his features, his internal light. Love was exquisite, a grand and beautiful experience in which a longing for the impossible was confronted daily, and in ordinary moments such as these. Breakfast on a cloud-obscured morning, Will in a soft and wrinkled T-shirt. Hair hurriedly tied back and, under the table, bare toes curled round a chair rung.

“When did you draw this?” Will said, after a few moments. He held up the picture, as if Hannibal did not know what it depicted.

It was a page torn from his sketchbook, neatly trimmed and ready for mounting, should Will wish to do so. In it, Will bent over the book in his lap, absorbed utterly. It had been Daniel Deronda, plucked from Hannibal’s shelf an hour before. He had sat in an armchair by the fire, its glow cast across his face, across his long loose curls.

“It was done from memory,” Hannibal replied. "I have many, but this was the most successful attempt."

"You signed it," smiled Will, then shook his head. "I don't really know what to say. Thank you."

"I wanted to show you how I see you." Hannibal took his hand and leaned across to kiss him. “Happy birthday, Will.”

Vaporiser

Chapter Notes

> A cut scene from Grant Us Peace which was at least partly written in honour of theseavoices :)

The tray clinked softly as it was placed on the side table next to Will's head. He stretched his arms and sat up, making space on the sofa for Hannibal to join him.

Hannibal's after-dinner cognac was present as usual, smelling faintly of toffee and bitter orange. But instead of the neatly-rolled joint Will was expecting, there sat a small rectangular box.

“This is for you,” Hannibal said. He flipped up a tube on the top like a straw, and offered it to Will. “It's a vaporiser. Now you can smoke anything you like without the need for combustion.”

Will frowned at it, and turned a doubting look towards Hannibal. The box was pale blue, small enough to fit easily into his palm. There was a switch on the side, where his thumb was. Will slid it upwards and the box started to hiss like a kettle.

“It uses steam instead,” Hannibal said.

Will looked helplessly at the box and back to Hannibal again. “So you've been buying me presents again.”

“My reasons are utterly selfish. No more smoke indoors and, most importantly, none at all inside you.”

The box was hissing louder and growing alarmingly warm.

“I'll still be inhaling,” Will said, turning the vaporiser over in his hands.

“No carbon monoxide and no tar,” Hannibal said. “I have seen enough shrivelled, blackened lung tissue. I would rather not picture it inside you so, if you're going to indulge regularly, this is a good solution.”

Will couldn't hold his smile back any longer, creaking its involuntary way across his face. There seemed to be no other response to Hannibal’s increasingly determined protectiveness.

“My parents would love to know you care so much about my lungs,” Will said, squeezing his hand. “Thanks, it’s kind of sweet.”

Hannibal managed to kiss Will's hand in a self-satisfied manner. "There's nothing strange about taking care of my beloved."

"Well, don't get carried away with your victory," Will said. "Before I can accept your gift, I have to try it out."

Putting the fat, squashy mouthpiece between his lips felt strange, but the draw from it was good. And strong. A cloud of marijuana-scented vapour followed.

"Um, wow. That's pretty heady," Will said, looking at the vaporiser with new respect.

Hannibal smiled, and picked up his brandy. "Try to think of it as a cigar, instead of a cigarette."

Lipgloss

Chapter Notes

A prompt from fragile-teacup on tumblr: "lipgloss"

“What’s this?” Will asked, picking up the cherry which sat plumply on the pillow. It was moulded in glossy plastic, and unscrewed into two halves. Inside was a pinkish balm, scented - of course - like cherries.

“Housewarming present,” Bev said. She shrugged. “Just seemed to suit you, somehow.”

Will frowned down at it, vacillating between pleased and irrationally annoyed. Eventually, he settled somewhere close to embarrassed. “You don’t have to make a big deal, you know,” he said, gesturing at himself, at his clothes. “About me. It’s fine.”

He’d met Bev all of three months ago, soon after he’d started at Johns Hopkins. On the first day he’d been brave enough to wear a skirt, she’d waited until they were alone, told him his boots were cute and then bluntly asked if he were transitioning. Will had a speech prepared for this kind of conversation but, instead of using it, found himself saying simply that binary gender roles didn’t fit him. Bev had nodded sagely, and that had been the end of that.

“I’m not making a big deal.” Bev didn’t sound mad. She had her eyes narrowed and was leaning in like a bloodhound who’d caught a scent. “Are you okay?”

“Sorry,” Will said. He sank down onto the bed - his new bed - and stared at the cherry in his hand. He flicked the squishy ‘stalk’ on top of it with his thumb. “I guess I’m not good at this yet. Not used to being so public.”

Bev sat next to him, pulling her legs up to sit cross-legged. “Didn’t wear a lot of dresses back home, huh?”

Will gave her a sidelong glance. “Do you ever just not say the things that come into your head, at least without a bit of editing first?”

Bev shook her head proudly, ponytail swishing, and Will laughed.

“I grew my hair a bit, wore nail polish sometimes,” he said. “Not at school.”

“Ugh, high school. God.”

“Exactly.” He flopped backwards onto the bed with a bounce. Bev twisted round and Will held the cherry out to her. “I used to steal these,” he said. “Not as nice as this, obviously.

Other things too - lipstick, eyeshadow, blush. I just kept them under my bed in a shoebox and looked at them sometimes. My illicit stash. Piles of make up, never used."

"Why?" Bev asked. "Not even in private?"

Will sighed. "It's hard to explain. I knew I didn't want to be a girl - I just wanted to be me. And somehow having them was more important than using them."

"A box of potential," Bev said. Will gaped up at her. "What?" she said. "You're the only one who's allowed to say insightful things?"

"Usually, yeah," Will said, and then yelped when she slapped him.

"Child genius or not, now is when you should be thanking me for the thoughtful gift," she said, wagging her finger with over-the-top exaggeration.

"I'm not a child," Will grumbled. "I'll be eighteen in four months."

She gave him a mock-stern look and he rolled his eyes. "Thank you, Bev, for the thoughtful gift," Will said, trying not to laugh. Then, more sincerely, "And thanks for recognising my potential."

Petrichor

Chapter Notes

Written for a tumblr prompt from charactercreationjunkie:

Petrichor (noun): A pleasant smell that frequently accompanies the first rain after a long period of warm, dry weather. Bonus word - Satiate (verb): to satisfy to the full; sate.

And also from samui-sakura88 who requested “a day at the park”

Inside the car it was warm, almost cosy. Raindrops still pattered onto the windshield but not as heavily as before.

The rain had started halfway through their ninety-minute drive and had not stopped. Will had insisted he didn’t want to change their plans so Hannibal had continued on obediently, parking them up at the start of the trail while the rain hammered down. They had eaten their picnic in the car and watched bedraggled dog walkers and daytrippers trickle back into their vehicles and drive away. No one else pulled up, and the parking lot emptied slowly around them.

It was not ideal, thought Hannibal. He had pictured dappled sunlight and fresh spring flowers, Will’s reddened cheeks and warm fingers tucked into the crook of his elbow. Eating outdoors on a thick woollen blanket, kissing under tender new leaves swaying in the breeze. Instead he had a bag of empty food wrappings and a trash can at the other side of the puddle-strewn parking lot.

“I’m sorry I made you bring us here,” Will said, sounding anything but. He sat with his back to the passenger door, legs curled up on the seat. In his hands was a steaming cup of the last of the coffee.

“No, you’re not,” said Hannibal. “You’re exactly where you want to be, and you know that means I can’t really complain.”

“It’s not so bad.” Will wriggled a little closer, and set the cup down. “The rain’s stopping. And until then, we’ve got a huge backseat and no onlookers.”

He leaned in for a teasing kiss, a bright grin on his lips. Hannibal pulled back, just out of reach, and rested his forehead to Will’s. “We could have done that at home.”

“Not the same and you know it,” Will laughed. But he held still anyway, letting Hannibal cup his cheeks and kiss him softly. When he was done, Will opened his eyes and tugged on Hannibal’s hand.

“Come on,” he said. “Even if you don’t want to do anything, it’ll be more comfortable.”

Will slid into the backseat, looking both unapologetic and expectant. Hannibal felt his choice being made for him and himself allowing it to happen. He turned, opened the driver’s door and stepped out into the rain. Will grinned out at him through the glass and swung the rear door open. Hannibal smiled back, and climbed in next to him.

Before he could shut the door, Will scrambled up to lean over Hannibal, smelling the air outside. “Rain never smells as good in the city,” he said, in explanation.

His sweater had ridden up a little at the back, exposing a thin strip of skin and the barest hint of lace under his jeans. Hannibal reached for the door and pulled Will into his lap in one smooth movement. Will happily complied, ending up with his knees either side of Hannibal’s hips just as the door slammed shut.

The kiss which followed was immediately hungrier. Will’s mouth was plump and wet, but demanding too, as he ground himself against Hannibal. The sweet soft sounds he made were delicious. Hannibal held his hips and encouraged him on, pulling them flush together. Even the almost-pain of Will’s fingers digging into his biceps felt good.

“I always want more of you,” Will panted into Hannibal’s mouth. “I don’t know how to get enough.”

Hannibal couldn’t find a way to respond to that, not with Will kissing him desperately, nor with aching recognition springing up beneath his ribs. Instead he undid Will’s belt and pulled at his jeans, until his fingers could seek him through his underwear.

They were simple white cotton today, with a delicate lace trim. Hannibal touched him through them, rubbing and stroking, so that Will grew harder and his noises more urgent, the very tip of his cock peeking out beneath the lace. Hannibal’s drew his thumb over it, making Will groan and shudder in his lap. Hannibal contemplated keeping him that way, his cock restricted and teased until he came over himself and his panties. He was certain Will would love it, and felt a rush of fierce regret that he’d consented to leaving the house at all that morning.

Hannibal unbuttoned his own fly, bringing his cock out to Will’s breathy chorus of agreement. He pushed Will’s panties out of the way so they could slide together through the circle of Hannibal’s fist. Will gasped out his appreciation, rocking against him, letting Hannibal’s hand guide them both. The drag of hot slick skin against his own was perfect, as intimate as a kiss. When they came, Hannibal could still smell rain - in Will’s hair, on his skin, in the air around them.

“Petrichor,” Hannibal sighed, winding his arms tight around Will. “I will forever associate it with you.”

Disaster (or, Will bakes a pie)

Chapter Notes

Written for a tumblr prompt from wraithsonwings - "disaster"

“It’s a disaster.” Will slumped over the work surface and moaned into his folded arms. “What am I going to do?”

“Stop being so melodramatic- Oh.”

Will didn't look up but could feel Bev leaning over his shoulder. There was a dull thudding noise from somewhere by his ear. The sound of a spoon bouncing off the blackened lump which was supposed to be pie. A glossy, golden, cinnamon-scented apple pie.

“That really is a disaster, wow.” There were more sounds, scraping ones, and then the spoon clattering onto the counter. “What on earth happened?”

“I took a shower, I was getting ready. I forgot to set the timer and when I remembered-” Will glared at the ruined pie dish. “*That* was waiting for me.”

Bev bent her face down over it, mouth open in wonder. “Was it on fire when you got it out of the oven?”

“What am I going to do?” Will said, again. “He'll be here in ten minutes.”

Bev’s fascination drained away as she understood Will’s problem. “Hmmn,” she said, putting a comforting hand on his shoulder. “The pie is a disaster, I agree, but the situation isn’t. He’s not going to mind - he’s not coming here for pie, remember? And he’s bringing dinner, so you’re not going to starve.” She brightened. “You can skip dessert and do something more fun, right?”

Will straightened up and turned to lean back against the counter. “You haven’t seen what it’s like at his place. Last weekend we had roast chicken, except it wasn’t ordinary roast chicken. The whole thing was baked in clay - *decorative* clay, with little clay leaves and roses and things. And he broke it open with a goddamn hammer and it was *delicious*.” He sighed and looked sadly at the spoiled pie. “He’s always doing things like that. I wanted to make something for him, even if it was just something simple. Or was supposed to be simple.”

There came a well-enunciated knock from the vicinity of the front door.

“Oh God,” Will said, plunging his face into his hands. “Is he early?”

“Time flies when you’re distracted by mostly-imaginary domestic dramas.” Bev gathered up her jacket from the back of a kitchen chair. “Stop worrying. You can make him pie next time but right now your boyfriend’s here to have sex with you. And that is my cue to leave.”

“That’s not-”

“Save it,” Bev said. “I don’t care. Just not on the couch.”

Will followed her into the hallway and watched her leave. Bev waved goodbye to them both as she passed Hannibal on the doorstep. “Have fun,” she said.

Hannibal gave her a friendly nod, picked up the bulging bag of food at his feet and stepped inside.

Will meant to say hi but what came out instead was, “I burnt the pie. Sorry.”

Hannibal paused, blinked, then smiled and kissed his cheek. “You’d better show me,” he said, and swept into the kitchen.

Will hadn’t really registered the smell before, too busy dealing with the horror of his smouldering mistake. It hit him this time, though - the air was acrid and charred.

“Oh dear,” Hannibal said, peering down at the pie dish. A smile played at the corners of his mouth. “I thought it might be a little overdone but now I see your words were perfectly accurate.”

“I forgot all about it,” Will said. “Sorry again.”

Hannibal caught his wrist and tugged him gently over. “No need to be sorry,” he said, starting to unpack the bag. Will joined in - soon the counter was stacked with tupperware. “The thought was lovely and just as nourishing as the pie itself would have been.”

Will wasn’t sure about that. “I wanted to do something nice for you,” he said. “You’re always doing things for me.”

Hannibal’s arms pulled him in, and Will nestled into his warmth. “I like doing things for you,” Hannibal said. “The only reciprocation I need is to see you enjoy them. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Will said, into his neck. “I do. But that doesn’t mean I don’t want to reciprocate.”

Hannibal pulled back and looked at him for a long moment. “Do you have any apples left over?”

“Yeah, some,” Will said. “Not enough for another pie, though.”

He released Will and went to the fridge, brought out some butter, then started to open cupboard doors until he found sugar and flour. He set all the ingredients in front of Will and handed him a small fruit knife.

“You’re going to make us a tarte tatin,” Hannibal said.

Will stared at him. “But I don’t know how.”

Hannibal grasped his hips and spun him round to face the counter. “I will talk you through it,” he said, winding his arms around Will’s middle and pressing a kiss to his temple. “But you are going to make it and it will be perfect.”

Will smiled, and leaned back against his chest. Maybe this would be better than just pie.

Rimming

Chapter Notes

> Written for a tumblr prompt from pangaeastarseed for... yes, you've guessed it, "rimming" XD

Will was already panting, heated with need. He'd spent most of the evening in Hannibal's lap, kissing, rocking them both together languidly, until neither of them could stand it any more. Hannibal had given him another gift, one which made him burn with guilty pleasure. A narrow silk slip, trimmed with antique lace, so scandalously short it barely covered his ass. The whispered shiver of it over his skin as he moved was possibly the most perfect thing Will had ever felt.

Will lay spread out from where he had thrown himself onto the bed. He reached to pull Hannibal to him.

Hannibal shook his head and gestured with a crooked finger. "Up," he said, with a smile that promised much. "Onto your knees."

Delight tugged Will's smile into a wide grin. He did as directed and Hannibal surged onto the bed to kiss him again, fingers toying with the slip's hem. His eyes had grown dark and intent. If anything, he seemed more focused, more wolfish than usual.

"Turn around and hold onto the headboard," Hannibal said. "And try not to let go."

A laugh bubbled out of Will but the thrilled rush in his stomach turned it into something more breathless. He nodded, and shuffled round obediently.

Hannibal slid the silk up over his hips, exposing him. Will smiled to himself and tilted his ass up, into Hannibal's appreciative hands.

He had expected Hannibal's fingers, slick and probing and maybe a little rough. What he got instead was a puff of warm breath and something hot flicking gently over his entrance. Will gasped, tensed all over, then let out a long sigh of pleasure as it happened again. He rolled his shoulders and made himself relax.

"I've never-" he said, trying to keep his breathing even. "No one's ever done that before."

Stillness fell behind him. Hannibal didn't answer, at least not with words. He grasped Will's cheeks and pushed them apart, then laved his tongue thickly across his opening.

Will blushed deeply - both at the sensation and his reaction to it, which was to arch back instinctively onto Hannibal's open mouth. Hannibal made a muffled sound of satisfaction,

and used his tongue to rub Will's hole, slowly, repeatedly. Will groaned, helpless, thighs already beginning to tremble. The texture of Hannibal's tongue kneading over his hypersensitive skin was nearly unbearable in its intimacy. He leant his forehead to the headboard and tried not to think, not to push for anything more.

Hannibal's fingers tightened on his ass and he used his grip to pull Will closer, lapping and probing until the tip of tongue breached him. Shuddering and gasping, Will clutched hard at the headboard and nudged himself back against Hannibal's tongue. Silk was bunched up over his hips, caught on the head of his straining cock. He was leaking so badly, he was going to ruin the fabric. It was probably ruined already.

His cock twitched when Hannibal pressed gently inside. Cooling wetness had spread slowly down between his cheeks, to his aching balls. Hannibal licked and pushed and thrust, stretching Will, until he was fucking him eagerly with his tongue. Will found himself panting and pleading, and slammed his fist down onto the headboard.

"Fuck, Hannibal, please. *Please.*"

Hannibal pulled away, and rested his hot cheek against Will's skin. "Touch yourself," he said, voice hoarse and thick. "Come, just like this."

Then he plunged back inside in one fluid movement. Will moaned loudly and wrapped his fingers round his cock, rocking back onto Hannibal's tongue. He stroked himself in short sharp pulls, spilling hot over his own hand faster than he'd thought possible.

Hannibal's movements slowed but did not stop. Above the obscene wet sounds Hannibal's mouth made, was the unmistakable noise of skin moving rapidly over skin. Will shuddered again, mouth hanging open in renewed lust at the idea of Hannibal jerking himself off with his tongue thrust deep inside him. Maybe later, Will thought, and if he had the energy, he'd find out for himself what was so good about it. He felt sure Hannibal would let him.

When Hannibal came, the only tell was his breath stuttering against Will's skin.

Hoisted

Chapter Notes

Written for an anon tumblr prompt - "hoisted"

Hannibal had just set the pigeon breasts carefully into the skillet when Will strolled into the kitchen. He had spent most of the waning afternoon reading in the garden and must have been lured back inside by the smell of an almost-ready dinner.

He kissed Hannibal in greeting as he passed by, then pushed the heavy wooden chopping block out of the way and hoisted himself up to sit on the counter.

“Smells amazing,” he said, and grinned sunnily down at Hannibal.

Outwardly, Hannibal’s attention did not stray from the pigeon sizzling in the pan. Only a few more seconds were needed, then he would turn them and add a little wine. Inwardly, he was much less calm.

For Will to think nothing of sitting upon the kitchen counter - *especially while he was cooking* - was deeply troubling. It should have been a most unwelcome liberty, impertinent, bordering on rude. Yet from the moment Will had walked into his home, he had belonged in a way which left Hannibal bewildered and stricken with elation. Stricken with things much more dangerous than elation.

The worst aspect was, Will didn’t even seem to know he was doing it. It was as natural for him to be this way around Hannibal, as it was for Hannibal to allow him to do it. His casual and unconscious refusal to accept anything from Hannibal unless it was everything was as wonderful as it was terrifying.

There was nothing else for it, thought Hannibal, adding wine and swivelling the pan round so the handle lay out of harm’s way.

Swiftly he stepped aside and, tangling his fingers into Will’s hair, tilted his head for a long and searching kiss. Will made a pleased sound and surrendered himself to it exactly as Hannibal knew he would. The scent of his sun-warmed skin added a pleasant note to the encounter, one which caused Hannibal to imagine an entire summer filled with his happy sighs, his laughter.

Will’s fingers curled around his shoulders. “You know what this is exactly the right height for?” he said, biting his lip and failing to suppress a grin. To illustrate his point he wrapped his legs round Hannibal’s waist, and pulled him in tight so their hips were flush together.

“Dinner is nearly ready,” Hannibal said, as seriously as was possible.

Will squeezed with his thighs and ground himself lightly against Hannibal. Hannibal growled into his mouth and kissed him again, until Will laughed and drew back.

“No, no,” he said. “I would never make you let dinner spoil, even for that. But maybe later?”

“Menace,” Hannibal said, teeth nipping fondly at his neck. It was impossible not to agree.

Garnets & Love

Chapter Notes

Written for two tumblr prompts - swingtime asked for "antique jewellery (amethysts/garnets)" and fragile-teacup asked "have they exchanged 'I love yous' yet?"

Inside it was like any other mid-range antiques store - a little dusty and tumbled with too many scuffed, and rather banal, objects. That was precisely why Hannibal had chosen to pay it a visit. Dealers and auctioneers were useful in acquiring wanted items, but sometimes one didn't know what one wanted until it had been happened upon by chance. The most rewarding treasures were hidden amongst the ordinary and everyday.

Around a corner, behind a teetering wall of stacked chairs, was a display cabinet. The dulled jewels inside drew Hannibal over. Most were costume jewellery, settings tarnished and chains tangled. A few were huddled within tattered velvet-lined boxes. On closer inspection, there were a couple which were not without merit - where the design was particularly striking or the colours well-chosen. It was disappointing, though. The impulse which had brought him to this corner of the store had promised something, now left unfulfilled.

There was a respectful sound at his elbow. "If you're interested in jewellery, sir, we have our better pieces behind the counter. Perhaps you would like to view those?"

"Yes," Hannibal replied. "I would. Thank you."

*

Before Hannibal decided what to do with them, they had spent weeks, months, hidden in a little-used drawer. Though the purchase had been unplanned he'd known immediately whom they were intended for. The problem was how to present them; how to ensure they would be accepted and what would be understood by their acceptance.

In the end, the answer had been simple, suggested unknowingly by the future recipient himself. When Hannibal judged the time was ripe, he would simply leave them somewhere and wait for them to be found.

*

That time came one evening, after the shadows in the dining room had deepened and candlelight had cast its flickering glow over their empty plates.

They had left the table, in favour of the comfort of the sitting room. Hannibal had sat quietly with a measure of brandy and Will had drifted with after-dinner restlessness about the room, looking and touching, thinking and feeling. It was only a matter of time before he noticed a

new object, one very recently introduced to the collection on display by the sideboard. Hannibal knew the moment he found it; his piqued curiosity struck like electricity through the peace-filled room. He smiled, watching the flames in the fireplace, and waited. There was a long silence; Will did not move or speak, but there came a stifled gasp and the muffled snap of a lid shutting.

It was Hannibal who decided to break the impasse, moving softly to Will's side. He was very still, his fingertips lingering over the forest-green velvet which cloaked the box.

Hannibal leaned closer, as near to breathless as he was capable of. "Why don't you try it on?"

Will's eyes flicked uncertainly towards him. Then, his suspicions confirmed, with a warning shake of his head, said, "Hannibal…"

Hannibal opened the box, revealing its contents to Will's sight again. Will just stood quietly, an arm wrapped around himself, his other hand at his mouth.

"Would you like me to?" Hannibal asked, picking up the necklace. It was weighty, each jewel delicately claw set and bordered with intricate ropes of gold.

Will bit his lip, then nodded. Hannibal undid the clasp and laid it carefully in place around Will's neck, brushing his hair aside to fasten it. Will remained rooted to the spot, looking down at the jewels he now wore. His hand hovered over them, like he was afraid to find out they were real.

It only took a light touch to his shoulder for him to startle back to himself and turn round. At the sight of Hannibal's face, the words he had been about to speak died on his lips. Garnets glowed like pomegranate seeds against his throat, framed within the open collar of his loose plaid shirt. Here and there were brilliant chips of diamonds - just enough to enliven the blood-red richness of the necklace.

"It is yours." Hannibal kissed the words into the hollow of his throat.

Will clutched Hannibal's shoulders, shook his head. "I can't-"

Hannibal straightened and took his hands. "A week after you came to my office for a second time, these jewels found me. And I knew they were meant for you. I've had them ever since, waiting."

"A week?" Will said, smiling through his nervousness, through his attempts to quash his longing. "That's crazy. You're crazy." He took a deep and shaky breath. "We both are."

"I knew," Hannibal said, pulling Will to him, kissing his temple. "I always knew."

"But I can't, Hannibal. What would I do with them? It would be a waste, they should be worn, seen."

"They should be loved," Hannibal said. "By someone who understands their beauty."

Nodding hard, Will pressed in closer, wound his arms around Hannibal's waist. "I love you," he said, with fierce determination. "You know that, right? You know how much?"

Hannibal wrapped Will in his arms, closing his eyes tight. "Yes. As much as I love you."

"Keep them for me?" Will squeezed him savagely, before dragging himself away to gaze into Hannibal's face. He touched them with wonder, tracing the edge of each stone. "Keep them here. For me. Please."

"Of course," Hannibal said. "Whatever you like."

Gently, he led Will back to a seat by the fire. Its light made the necklace smoulder like coals. He kept lifting it up to study them, unselfconsciously fascinated. Eventually he went to look at himself in the mirror, standing quietly in front of it for a long moment. When he came back to sit again, he nestled against Hannibal's side.

"You look like a prince. Or a princess. Both," smiled Hannibal. "I hope you wear them for me often."

Will kissed him. His pleasure, though coyly private, was sparkling in his eyes. "I promise," he said.

Blindfolded sensation play

Chapter Notes

> Written for an anon tumblr prompt: "Blindfolded sense-play? Velvet. Ice. Peach fuzz then juicy nibbles. Nubby raw silk. Rose petals. Just a thought."
>
> I tried, I really did anon, but they just got… really naughty. *shrugs* And technically it's all still sense play. Right? ;)

From a place just above Hannibal's abdomen came the sound of not-so-secret laughter. Something freezing cold and slippery circled his belly-button, quickly chased by a hot tongue. Instead of flinching away, Hannibal chose to sigh and shift into the sensation. He spread his thighs a little, too, sliding them against the knees astride him.

"Stop that," Will said. "You're not going to distract me that easily. And no peeking."

"I can smell peaches," Hannibal said, relaxing back into the softness of the bed. Even with his eyes open, he could see nothing through the blindfold. "Though they're not quite ripe."

"It's not a guessing game," came the reply. "Pay attention."

The mattress dipped as Will moved up, knees now straddling Hannibal's hips. Then hair tickled against his cheek, and ice-cool lips pressed against his own. Hannibal smiled into them, and kissed him back with just as much fervour, tonguing the heat back into Will's chilled mouth.

"Stay just there," Will said, the pleased warmth in his voice more than enough reason to obey.

Sweet sticky fingers were dragged across his bottom lip. Hannibal licked at them, grazing his teeth over the soft pads of Will's fingers. They tasted of salt and syrupy-warm peaches. Will chuckled in delight, and Hannibal sucked hard before releasing them. Next came a fat slice of peach, the velvety skin brushing gently over his lips. Hannibal opened his mouth to receive the unctuous flesh, and bit down on it, tearing a piece free. Will made a happy sound and kissed him again, licking stray juice from his chin.

"I like having you like this," Will said, settling down to sit across his lap. Hannibal felt him lean forwards, hands braced on the pillows by his head. "Maybe I should tie you to the bed and ride you."

Hannibal said nothing, but he rolled his hips up once, encouragingly, while his hands found the dimpled curve of Will's back. He was wearing a camisole, one of Hannibal's favourites.

The silk under his palms, and where it draped against his inner thighs, was maddening. Will was maddening.

Will sat more heavily in his lap, giving Hannibal more pressure to grind up against. “Apparently you like that idea too,” Will said, sounding a touch surprised but very pleased with himself. He leaned forward once more, mouth hovering over Hannibal’s. “Keep your hands on the bed - no touching. Okay?”

Hannibal nodded and Will sat back down, the heat of his ass firmly over Hannibal’s hardening cock. When Hannibal rocked up against him, Will met the movement with one long glorious glide along Hannibal’s cock, the glossy satin of his underwear sliding smoothly over the fabric of Hannibal’s briefs.

Hannibal moaned and thrust up to meet him as best he could, heels digging into the mattress. Will gasped in response, and balanced himself with his palms flat on Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal couldn’t feel anything but the dragging weight of Will’s body above him. He couldn’t even tell if Will was hard - his cock was out of reach, tucked into his panties.

There was a shift in Will’s movements, a slight pause and then a change of angle. When he rocked up again, it was along the hot furrow between his cheeks. Hannibal fisted his hands in the sheets, to remind himself not to grab Will’s hips and hold him firmly in place so he could rut against him.

“I bet you wish you could see this,” Will said. “Do you know what I’m doing?”

Hannibal called up the picture which must surely be in front of him. Will tousled and flushed, one strap of the camisole dangling off his shoulder, his peaked nipples obvious underneath. And one hand on himself, rubbing himself through the panties.

Hannibal groaned and cant himself up to meet Will, harder, faster.

Will gasped again, and said, “What about now?” There was a very faint rustle of fabric. “Can you smell me?”

And yes, Hannibal could. The unmistakable musk of his warm tender skin, the trace of salty-bitterness from his leaking fluids. It was easy to imagine him sitting bold atop Hannibal, cock in his fist, stroking himself. His hand moved audibly, fast, in time with Hannibal’s writhing thrusts. Both of them were panting, hard and loud, but it was Will’s rhythm which stuttered first.

“Oh fuck, oh Hannibal,” he managed, just as Hannibal felt wet heat striking his stomach. Some of it trickled slowly down his ribcage, leaving a sticky trail behind.

Hannibal grabbed blindly for Will’s wrist and pulled his hand towards his mouth. Will gave a desperate, unsteady moan and pushed his fingers against Hannibal’s lips. Hannibal sucked them deep into his mouth, tongue seeking every trace of Will’s come. He climaxed like that, still trapped in his briefs, wrapped up in Will’s taste and scent, rutting helplessly against his silk-covered ass.

Will withdrew his fingers and collapsed forward, face buried in the pillow next to Hannibal's ear. They remained there, heaving breaths slowing, until the tremble of Will's strained thighs became too much to ignore. He disentangled himself awkwardly and flopped down alongside Hannibal, an arm and leg draped over him, utterly unconcerned about the cooling mess on Hannibal's stomach, in his underwear.

Hannibal reached for him, and then realised he still wore the blindfold. He slipped it free and wrapped Will in his arms. His hair was half across his face, his eyes closed, happy and exhausted. Hannibal kissed his cheek and Will murmured sleepily in return.

It was only then Hannibal noticed their surroundings - the bed in disarray, a peach with a chunk missing and a knife beside it, a dish of melting ice, an open pot of cream. On the dresser were more items - a rose from the arrangement in the entranceway, a length velvet ribbon, and pile of squashy, thawing frozen berries on a plate.

"I used to have a rule about no eating in bed," he sighed, half to himself. Will nestled closer and didn't bother hiding his smile.

eBay

Chapter Notes

> Written for a tumblr prompt from whimsy-by-joja - "Hannibal buys Will vintage sleepwear on eBay"
>
> I guess you wanted to hear more about Will in pretty things but I wrote something slightly similar already in this round of prompts and what really stuck with me here is *Hannibal shopping for lingerie on eBay* :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will uncurled from his position on the floor and stood, stretching. In circles around him were piles of papers, open books stuffed with annotated post-its, a scattering of neon-coloured highlighters. He looked down at them all tiredly, and rubbed his eyes.

“Wouldn’t you be more comfortable in the study?” Hannibal said. “I cleared the desk for you.”

“Not enough room,” Will said, gesturing at the floor. “It looks like some kind of weird ritual, doesn’t it? An offering to the gods of psychology. I hope there doesn’t have to be a sacrifice.”

Hannibal smiled. “I’m sure the ritual of studying will be catharsis enough to get you through your exam.”

“It would be nice if it did,” Will said, picking his way carefully across the floor in Hannibal’s direction. “Everyone seems to expect so much of me.”

“The eternal problem of the gifted.” Hannibal held his iPad out of the way, so Will could climb into his lap, if he wished. “How do your own expectations measure up?”

Will grimaced, and sank onto the sofa next to him instead. He pitched forward to rest his head heavily on Hannibal’s shoulder. “Probably even higher than everyone else’s.”

Hannibal moved to accommodate Will’s weight, now somewhat slumped against him. “The best thing you can do tonight is get some rest. You will feel much fresher tomorrow.”

“I know,” Will sighed. “You’re right, I know you’re right.”

Hannibal rubbed his back. “I can distract you, if you’ll let me.”

Will grinned, then grabbed for his hand and kissed the palm. “Deal,” he said. “But first, can I borrow your iPad a moment? I want to look something up.”

He picked it up as Hannibal nodded his assent. Hannibal patiently watched him frown down at it for a few moments, balanced at an angle on his knee. Slowly, part hidden beneath his fingers, a wide smile grew across his lips. After what looked like a small internal battle, Will came to a decision and held the iPad up so Hannibal could see.

“I really didn’t mean to look,” Will said. “My tab closed by accident.”

On the screen was Hannibal’s eBay account, the items he was following and bidding on listed neatly in a long line. Nearly all of them were in the women’s lingerie section.

“Oh Hannibal,” Will said, almost biting his lip in two in an attempt to keep his laughter in. “You should have said something. We could have gone shopping together. I know some lovely places that carry things to fit a man your size.”

Hannibal let out a huff of laughter, and held his hand out for the iPad. Will passed it back with a slightly sheepish expression.

“I’m sorry,” he said, looking anything but. “I just- *eBay*?”

“Good things do come up,” Hannibal said. “But it takes dedication.” He pretended to look sternly at Will, which only made his grin widen. “I am always thinking of you.”

Will said nothing further, choosing instead to nuzzle into Hannibal’s side in an unconvincing approximation of remorse. His imminent exam, however, was at least forgotten.

“Now,” Hannibal said, making a new search. “As you’ve worked so hard, shall we look for something pretty for you?”

“Looking only,” Will agreed. “Then maybe I’ll have to distract you from buying it.”

Chapter End Notes

a/n I hope Hannibal had more luck than I did when I went searching for inspiration because UK eBay had very little to offer :/

Stockings

Chapter Notes

A small ficlet, posted on tumblr under it's photographic inspiration ;)))

Will had known the stockings would be a hit but even so, he'd been a little self-conscious about wearing them. They seemed the sort of thing a *femme fatale* would wear in a terrible late-night movie, flashing a garter-belt at the presumably doomed man she was about to seduce. He didn't feel particularly *fatale* and his level of *femme* fluctuated on a daily basis. But, with the increasing amounts of real silk and hand-made lace which had found its way into his wardrobe, he'd thought, why not give them a go? Why should entirely fictional female stereotypes get to claim items of clothing as their own anyway?

It was no secret that Hannibal, more than anything, enjoyed unwrapping Will from his pretty layers to reveal Will's very eager cock. And then to use his mouth, lavishly, excessively, until Will was an absolute mess and begging to touch Hannibal, or until he came in Hannibal's mouth. However, even Will hadn't expected Hannibal to drop to the floor and suck him off *right in the middle of the living room*.

Maybe, just maybe, thought Will, fingers tightening in Hannibal's hair as he swallowed around him, he was a little more *fatale* then he'd realised.

Early Morning Sketch

Chapter Notes

A small fic, posted here on tumblr WITH ART XD

It was Sunday, a day Hannibal had grown to enjoy over many years of pleasant solitude. A day which might encompass a swim, a spell of composition at the harpsichord, perhaps some sketching. And it was particularly a day for cooking and eating, where the whole afternoon might be spent in the kitchen, patiently chasing the clarity of a perfect consommé or preparing an elegant galantine for that night's appetiser.

A day of peace, of rest, of tranquil reflection. All things which, Hannibal had to admit, seemed to have slipped from his grasp.

The house was too still: all the books shelved, all the pillows smooth and plumped, all the glasses accounted for. The kitchen seemed empty, and the bed desolate.

There was something missing.

Hannibal picked up his sketchbook and put Will back where he belonged.

Snake Ring

Chapter Notes

Posted on tumblr here, with accompanying inspiration :)

Confounding Will's expectations, the place was brightly-lit and airy, like any normal home-furnishings store. Hannibal was deep in conversation with a man at the counter - something about a walnut bureau. Will had heard the words 'patina' and 'boiserie', instantly grown bored and wandered off.

When Hannibal found him, about fifteen minutes later, he was browsing a display of jewellery. Instead of the usual dull gold and cold jagged stones, there were more interesting things to look at. Shiny shards of perspex, strung into abstract necklaces, obviously from the sixties. Above that were twinkly pieces of costume jewellery - a brooch in the shape of a jet-black spider with piercing green eyes, enamel daisy earrings, gigantic carbuncular rings which looked impossible to wear. And above that, all manner of sinuous art nouveau jewellery, featuring twining leaves and flowers and even insects.

"See something you like?"

"No," Will said, rather too quickly. In some ways it had been easier before Hannibal - dreaming hopelessly over things he couldn't have anyway meant there was no need to confront the thorny problems presented by his wanting.

Hannibal didn't say anything else, just smiled knowingly at Will. He'd mostly kept his promises about not pressing gifts onto Will. Mostly.

"I can look without wanting something," Will reminded him. "Especially when you're talking about antiques for twenty minutes."

"It was barely ten," Hannibal said. "Sure nothing has caught your eye?"

Will eyed the spider, and let his gaze travel higher, over brooches made to look like dragonflies and moths. Eventually it settled on a ring shaped like a coiled snake, scales beautifully emphasised with blue and green enamels, its head set with diamonds amid black, very snake-like markings.

"I was thinking about beauty, real beauty," Will said. "Making jewellery out of things we're supposed to be scared of - spiders and Halloween creepy-crawlies. Finding loveliness in the shapes of insect legs and snake scales."

"Disgust and beauty are often opposed but also closely related," said Hannibal. "In my experience, anyway."

“Would you wear a snake ring?” Will asked, knowing perfectly well that Hannibal would. Of course he would. He decorated his table with bird skulls and his house with bone-white antlers. He thickened a chocolate dessert with blood and paired the innocent appearance of plasma with sweet, ripe tomatoes.

“My family crest features a snake,” Hannibal said. “Would you wear one?”

“Naturally it does,” Will laughed, and then took Hannibal’s hand and squeezed it. “Maybe one day, yeah.”

Hannibal meets Kyle

Chapter Notes

A prompt from the lovely fragile-teacup - follows on from Riding in Cars with Boys

Will cursed under his breath. There was a line at the collection desk already. He'd hoped to beat the rush but it seemed the rush had already beaten him.

He joined the end and glanced apologetically at Hannibal. Hannibal gave him a small smile in return and then drifted over to browse the stacks. *Your reservation is the most important,* he'd said, when Will had got the message to say his book has finally come up for collection. It was on the reserve list for his anomalistic psychology class - there was only a 24 hour window for him to pick it up before it would be assigned to the next person.

One person walked off with a teetering pile of books, and the line moved forward a step.

They had plans; they usually always did now. On Tuesdays, Hannibal's last appointment left at four. Will would go to his office after class, and study there until Hannibal was ready to leave. It was much nicer than the library, and the couches far more comfortable.

The girl at the front of the line was having a heated discussion with the librarian. She kept jabbing her finger at the print-out in her hand. The librarian just looked tired. The final semester of the year was always especially tense. Will was looking forward to the summer, and he was not alone.

Another librarian came over and hurriedly opened another counter. Everyone shuffled along a bit more, with palpable hope that the line would now speed up.

Tonight Hannibal had reserved an early table at a new restaurant across town - one he'd promised was *casual and contemporary*. Will expected that meant no tablecloths and servers with smiles starched to match their spotless white aprons. He was getting frighteningly used to dining out. Once a week Hannibal seemed more than willing to swap his pleasure at cooking for the pleasure of being seen in public with Will. Will had the distinct impression he was sending a message, both to Will and to others still unknown.

He looked behind him but Hannibal seemed to have disappeared into the quiet buzz of the library. Will pictured him sitting patiently, neat and still, next to some college kid with a can of Red Bull and an impending deadline. It seemed unlikely and yet he must've found somewhere to wait. A little too late, it occurred to Will that he could also be described as *some college kid*. Perhaps Hannibal's peers already did.

The line seemed to have stalled again. The guy in front of him was heavy-set and carried a bulky sports bag across his shoulder. Will had to lean round him to see what was happening at the front.

“Hey, Will!” someone said, from the other side of the heavy-set guy. A familiar someone. “Haven’t seen you around for a while?”

“Kyle?” Will couldn’t help a little secretive smile, especially once he remembered what that last ‘while’ had been like, a few months ago. “No, uh, I’ve been sort of busy.”

Kyle grinned and looked Will up and down in a manner which was not subtle. They’d seen each other a few times, before it had slowed into a casual and friendly agreement. *A very fun* casual and friendly agreement.

The line moved up once more, and Kyle moved along with Will. “You got any plans later? Seems like fate to bump into you like this.”

“Yeah,” Will said. “I do, sorry.”

True to fashion, Kyle wasn’t remotely daunted. “How about the weekend, then? I was supposed to be going to Steve’s brother’s party but he cancelled on me, the traitor. I don’t see why flu should get in the way of a good time.” He stepped a little closer and brushed Will’s sleeve with his fingers. “Though maybe we can have a better time together?”

Will opened his mouth to speak, but then the heavy-set guy moved off and Will found himself at the front of the line.

“Hold on,” he said to Kyle, and gave his name to the librarian. She tapped it into the computer then ducked under the counter and brought out his book. While she checked it out, he turned back to Kyle. “I’m seeing someone,” he said. “More than seeing someone, actually. It’s kinda serious.”

Almost as if he’d been summoned, Hannibal appeared behind Kyle. Will caught his eye, and smiled. Kyle noticed, and followed Will’s gaze over his shoulder. When he spotted Hannibal, he took a very noticeable step away from Will.

Hannibal, naturally, was the epitome of graciousness. He held out his hand and Kyle shook it. Will collected his book and all three of them rounded the counter to make room for the next person in line.

“Hannibal, this is Kyle,” Will said. “Kyle, Hannibal. My boyfriend.”

“A pleasure to meet you,” Hannibal said. “But I’m afraid you must both excuse me. A patient just tried to call and I must call them back. Whenever you’re ready, Will, I will be in the car.”

He left with a benign smile and a slight but unmistakable touch to Will's elbow. Will watched him walk towards the sliding doors, straight-backed and striking.

Kyle stared after him too, a little stunned. After a moment, he said, “That was some suit.”

Conscious of frowning librarians, Will stifled his laughter. “Yeah, um, he’s unusual.”

“Like you.” Kyle tilted his head in thought, and nodded sagely. “Yeah, that makes sense.”

“Does it?” Will said. They both started walking, in the direction of the exit and their approaching goodbye. Will could feel it shrouding their conversation already. “I guess maybe so.”

Kyle was grinning again. “You really like him, don’t you? I can tell.” They stopped by the doors, where the sunlight pooled onto the dusty floor. “He likes you a lot, that’s for sure. There was a moment there where I was sure he was thinking about snapping my neck, but was just too polite to go through with it.”

“Yours would be a tough neck to break,” Will said. “It’s the football helmet. Too heavy. Builds up muscle.”

Kyle laughed, and Will felt an unexpected pang of regret. They weren’t breaking up, because they’d never really been together, but Kyle was good-natured and kind and it was still sad to know they’d never see each other again. They had no reason to, now.

“You’d better go,” Kyle said, still smiling. “I’ll see you around, Will.”

Will leaned in and kissed his cheek. “See you around,” he agreed.

The Bentley - there was only one, of course - was parked at the edge of the lot. Hannibal was behind the wheel, conspicuously not on the phone and listening to opera instead. Possibly Wagner. Will couldn’t be certain but it was bombastic enough.

“Dealt with your patient emergency, then?” Will opened the door and put his bag and book on the back seat. “Must be nice being a doctor - you’ve always got a ready-made excuse to leave.”

“I simply wanted to avoid any awkwardness and let you say your goodbyes.”

Will climbed in beside Hannibal and fastened his seatbelt. “Hannibal,” he said. “Are you jealous?”

“Not jealous, no,” Hannibal replied. “But I do find myself feeling extraordinarily possessive. It’s not a flattering thing to admit to.”

“There’s not much for you to feel possessive about,” Will said. “We had a thing, it was fun. That was all. I hadn’t seen him for ages and he didn’t know about you and then, when he did... Well, he was pleased for me, I think.” Will shrugged. “He’s a nice guy under the jock stuff.”

“I have no doubt of it,” Hannibal said. “You wouldn’t suffer anything less.”

“The night I met him I threatened to punch him,” said Will.

Hannibal turned his head sharply, a flash of angry concern escaping from under his calm veneer. Will was torn between a laugh and climbing into his lap for the hot reassurance of kisses. He settled for pulling Hannibal's hand into his own, and pressing it to his cheek. Hannibal sighed, and stroked the hair back from Will's face.

"You are like quicksilver," he said. "At times it's hard to see how I can hold on to you. It may not always bring out the best in me."

Will kissed his palm. "Is it enough to know I want you to hold on to me? Because I do."

Hannibal thumbed gently over Will's cheek. His smile warmed his eyes, crinkling the skin at their corners. "It is enough, yes."

He reached for the ignition, waking the engine. "Did you punch him, or did you only threaten to?"

Will gave him a flat, disbelieving look. "Could you try not to sound so hopeful about it?"

"I'm curious," Hannibal said. "About what drew him to your attention."

"I'll tell you about it over dinner," said Will. "And then afterwards, you can practice holding on to me some more."

Hannibal laughed and pulled smoothly out of the lot, towards the table which waited for them on the other side of town.

Bathing Suit

Chapter Notes

> This ficlet has also been posted here with the truly fantastic illustration by theseavoices but have added it here for completeness. Don't miss the pic, you'll regret it!! XD

The bed was a sea of discarded plastic wrapping and returns labels. Some of it had drifted onto the floor in his haste to open the packages and see what they contained. If the things inside were to make his heart soar or sink.

He'd saved and saved for this. A vacation with Hannibal was not a simple occasion. His usual clothing wouldn't suffice and, more importantly, Will didn't want it to. Extremes were expected - people went on vacation to escape routines and old versions of themselves, even if they had to go back to them when it ended. Will already had more versions of himself than he could count, but here was an opportunity to let them run instead of walk.

It was the idea of a bathing costume which had made him sick with longing. He'd always had to make do with board shorts and tank tops - a compromise made all on his side. Wearing skirts and dresses was easier because people could pretend he was a girl, if they wanted. It gave them an out when they felt uncomfortable with someone who did not fit one, very narrow, label.

It was quite a different matter when the evidence of the sex he'd been assigned at birth was encased in tight spandex and available for all to see. And however much Will had wanted to wear a swimsuit, or even a bikini, he'd ended up deciding it wasn't worth the hassle it would bring.

Piles grew either side of the bed - for Yes, No, and Maybe (which, in all likelihood, were probably all a No in disguise). When he came to the last parcel, it contained something he'd almost forgotten about.

He'd ordered it in a fit of bravery. Hannibal had promised him a private pool, even a private beach. Much of their time would be spent alone, together, with no one else in sight. Will had dared to dream about the old movies he'd watched with his mom, musicals cast in the bright optimism of the fifties and sixties. He'd imagined the sun going down over the ocean, a rosy glow of light, Hannibal's skin the colour of golden sand. And himself, cherished in Hannibal's lap, his kisses warming a weaving line across his shoulders, between the straps of his bathing costume.

With trembling hands, Will opened the parcel, and smiled.

First Argument

Chapter Notes

Written in response to an anon tumblr ask about Will and Hannibal's first argument.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The summer was rapidly approaching. Spring was turning golden and bright; wildflowers bobbed at the edges of lesser-used roads and poked up through cracks in the sidewalks. More often than not, the sky was blue and cloudless. Uncharacteristically, Hannibal dreamed about wide-open spaces, about wind over water, about the soft and gentle wildness of the beach.

There he saw Will; a glitter of light in his hair, smiling and free. A daydream only, but one he could make come true without much trouble.

Plans were made. The house had been shut up for months, and a trusted agency were sent to make it ready. There would be fresh clean sheets when they arrived; the larder fully stocked and waiting. All of it a surprise Hannibal was impatient to deliver.

When he did, however, the results were unexpected.

"Next week?" Will said. "Go on vacation, *on Monday?* Hannibal... I can't."

Hannibal frowned with displeasure. "School is finished; there's no summer classes to attend. I know you're helping Dr Crawford write up a research paper but you can bring that with you."

Will stared at him for a long second, a flush rising in his cheeks. "*Hannibal*," he said, "There's more to my life than just school and *you*. You can't expect me to drop everything for *a whole month* with no notice. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I intended it as a surprise," Hannibal said. "A welcome one. Which it obviously isn't."

Will shook his head. "Oh no," he said. "You don't get to be like that. *You should have asked me first.* I have things planned."

Hannibal fell silent. A misstep had been made, evidently, and he wasn't entirely clear who had made it. Or who was still making it.

"Things I can't easily change," Will continued, getting louder. "Things I need to do, which aren't a choice for me."

"It doesn't matter," Hannibal said, wishing to bring an end to the exchange. "I will cancel it."

Will gave an exasperated noise and buried his face in his hands. After a moment, he sat up again, and spoke with greater composure. “You still don’t get it,” he said. “So I’m going to have to explain. I would have loved to have gone away with you but I can’t just drop everything like you can. It doesn’t make any difference to you if you don’t see any clients for a month. For two months, *six months*. Yeah, I’ve got a scholarship but that only pays for the weeks when I’m in college. Over the summer, I either give up my room with Bev and go back home or I need a job to pay the rent.”

He sighed and rubbed the back of his neck. “I already spoke to Mr Hefferman about working at Denny’s again, like I did last year. I start the week after next.”

Hannibal sat back in his chair, and admitted to himself he’d made a rather large oversight. “Aren’t you more suited to fixing things? Would a garage not hire you?”

“There’s not much seasonal demand for mechanics,” Will said, with a flicker of impatience. “And you kind of have to be properly certified. No decent garage would take me on, except as an apprentice and I can’t commit to that. Working at Denny’s is not my ideal way to spend the summer but there’s not much I can do about it.” He shrugged. “At least the uniform isn’t terrible - everyone wears pretty much the same thing.”

“Why didn’t *you* tell *me*?” Hannibal asked, genuinely curious now. “If I had known, then I would have adjusted my expectations.”

Will looked guilty. “I guess I knew what you would say. And I was worried you’d drop by every day to order pancakes. And then not eat them.”

“What is it you think I would say?”

“Exactly what you’re thinking now, which is that I no longer have to work jobs I don’t want to, because I’ve met you. And you could take care of everything with a wave of your cheque book.”

“Which is precisely true,” Hannibal said. “However you feel about it, that is indeed the case. If you continue to work in jobs you don’t like, it will be because it is your choice.”

“Then it’s a choice I will continue to make,” Will said, without hesitation. “I got myself to college and I’ll continue to keep myself here, too.”

Despite his disappointment - for the loss of Will at the beach house, and for the long, lazy days in each others’ company - Hannibal smiled fondly. Disappointment could be borne, if he could keep Will just like this: proud, stubborn, resourceful, yet still entirely his.

“I am sorry for my trespass,” he said. “I have learned my lesson. Next time, I will ask. We can go there later in the year, perhaps.”

Will sighed. “You’re a romantic idiot. It’s hard to be mad for long.” He paused, and picked at the hem of his shorts. “I am still mad, though, just for the record. Mad that you didn’t consider I might need to work and mad that I can’t go with you.”

Hannibal kissed his hand, when Will allowed him to take it without protest. “Maybe we can work something out,” he said. “So both of us get what we want.”

Chapter End Notes

psst it’s okay because they do work something out - coming up in the next main fic!

Hammer Horror Halloween

Chapter Notes

prompted entirely by theseavoice's brilliant illustration - this was A JOY XD

Happy Halloween!!

Ragged clouds shrouded the moon. Only the faintest silhouettes were visible, of monstrous ancient trees which bulged and sprawled across the night. They made hideous shapes, like clawing desperate creatures, clamouring for attention.

Bev tried not to give them any. She had her own battles, and could not afford the distraction.

Even the darkness seemed a barrier; thick and oily and insidious. She fought through its unnatural power, digging her toes into the mulch to propel herself on. Dry leaves scratched at her as she passed; twigs crackled and broke and cut her feet. Still she moved, gripped with fearsome agitation, straining to see through the gloom.

Something yanked hard at her and she stumbled, almost fell. It was only her nightgown, caught on a branch. But there was no time to waste; a sharp tug and it was torn free. She had to keep on, keep looking. There was danger in the forest, and not just for herself...

A howl in the distance confirmed it - a terrible sound, one borne of twisted screams and unseen terrors. But a distraction, only; something to lead her away from her quarry.

Wings brushed her face, rushed past her cheek. Again, and then again, but she could not be swayed from her purpose. There was a clearing ahead, a pool of pitch-dark shadow. No pale glimmer relieved its unbroken mass, no sound betrayed a presence - but she knew what she sought lurked within its depths.

There was something in her hand, though she could not remember carrying it - a long piece of wood, sharpened to a crude point.

The clouds parted, and revealed the moon's pearly face.

With it came a sight which made her heart seize. In the clearing, her dear friend, almost a sister, limp in the grasp of a fiend, its foul breath covetous at her neck. Will whimpered once, and the creature's teeth pierced her tender skin. Blood spilled, soiling her thin nightgown, and the creature bent to drink deep.

Bev gripped her stake tightly, determined to end the creature's enchantment.

Before she could move, Will's eyes fluttered open, and her lips parted in a long low moan. Something fell from Will's hand - a stake of her own, abandoned. She reached a hand to the creature's shoulder, to pull him in, closer, into her swooning embrace…

A sharp tap on her forehead woke Bev with a jolt. There was drool on her chin, and an empty packet of chips crumpled under her arm. She rubbed at her face and found crumbs in her hair.

Will threw another Cheeto - it hit her on the cheek this time. "You missed the best bit," she said. "I can't believe it - call yourself a horror fan?"

"Ugh," said Bev, struggling to sit up. "I feel like the undead. How long was I asleep for?"

"Don't know," Will said. "But you missed Dracula being brought back by that girl's blood draining all over his shrivelled corpse."

“That is a good bit,” Bev agreed. “Not good enough to throw Cheetos at me though.”

“You were snoring.”

On the TV, Christopher Lee towered silently over a nightgowned girl. Will wasn’t paying attention, caught between grinning at Bev and tapping her phone with orange-powdered fingers. Texting Hannibal, of course.

Bev blinked a few times, still groggy. “I had a weird dream that was you and Hannibal,” she said, pointing at the screen. “One of those really bizarre detailed ones.”

Will looked up. The girl on-screen was now obligingly offering her slender neck to Dracula. “This is because I told you he’s a Count, isn’t it,” she said, flatly.

Bev crossed her arms. “You seemed to be enjoying it quite a lot,” she said. “And who the hell has a Count for a boyfriend?”

There was a silence, then Will said, “I am *not* asking him. Stop trying to make me.”

“Oh please,” Bev said. “Please please please. He’d look great in the costume. And then there’s the accent and everything. You could be one of Dracula’s brides.”

“No!” Will shook her head. “No way. All because of your party. If you want to so bad, *you* ask him.”

“Alright then,” Bev said. “I will.”

Will heaved an exasperated sigh, crunched another Cheeto, then aimed the entire bag at Bev’s head.

Hannibal and Bev

Chapter Notes

> TigerPrawn suggested Hannibal and Bev teaming up to throw a surprise birthday party for Will :)
>
> Here's the prompt post

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It seemed like such a simple idea at the time - such a *good* idea.

Hey, one day she'd whispered to Hannibal, before Will had clattered down the stairs to greet him. *Will's birthday. Let's do something, huh?*

Yes, okay, Will hated parties. She knew that. But it just seemed to wrong to let her 21st go by without *some* kind of celebration. And Will's boyfriend should be Bev's *ally* in things like this, goddammit. So, she'd asked, and he'd agreed, and now here he was, taking up space in the kitchen. An awful lot of space.

"Isn't this a lot of food?" she asked. "There's only, like, six people coming. Any more and Will will kick me out." Then her stomach dropped in horror. "You didn't invite anyone else, did you?"

Hannibal didn't look up. He was bent over the counter, spearing tiny squares of red jello with what she'd been informed were shards of Parmesan tuile. "I wouldn't dare," he said, with a little smile. "I know to keep to my corner. And as my corner is a little light catering, I'm very happy to have it."

"You call this light?" Bev looked around. Their usually very plain kitchen had temporarily acquired some odd pieces of equipment and the counters were stacked with discarded containers. Plates of canapes were in the process of meticulous construction.

"It is a celebration," Hannibal said. "And a celebration always calls for a feast. Besides-" He paused to assemble what seemed to be a soda siphon. "-eight to ten canapes per person is about the correct amount, so twenty of each kind won't leave too many leftovers."

"Well, I guess you're the expert," Bev said, doubtfully. "The refreshment is mostly liquid at my parties - maybe more food wouldn't be a bad idea. But Will's friends can hardly tell the difference between Parmesan tuile and a bag of cheesy Doritos - you know that, right? This is great and everything, but don't be disappointed if they don't get it."

Hannibal shrugged. "Maybe I can educate a palate here and there."

“You don’t really care, do you?” she said, with new understanding. “This is all for Will.”

Hannibal met her eyes and smiled. “Maybe I wouldn’t put it quite as callously as that - and I do enjoy it when my food is appreciated,” he said. “But everything I’ve chosen is a version of Will’s favourite things to eat, in beautiful miniature.”

“Really?” Bev asked. “What’s this?”

“Mussel tortelli - the black colour comes from cuttlefish ink. It will be served with saffron-tinted potato cream and topped with sea urchin emulsion.”

Bev raised a disbelieving eyebrow. “I didn’t know Will was so into sea urchin.”

“There’s a Japanese restaurant we’re both fond of,” Hannibal said. “Will is very taken with the uni there.”

Bev had to pause for that to sink in. “You know,” she said after a moment, “sometimes I think my main problem is not having an older guy to take me out to fancy restaurants.”

Hannibal laughed. “This one is in fact very traditional - based practically out of the owners’ own kitchen. Very small, very exacting, not very *fancy*, as you put it; but it helps if you speak a little Japanese.”

“You speak Japanese?”

“I learned from my aunt.”

“Well, well - aren’t we the international man of mystery.” Bev leant over the counter to get a closer look at the red jello cubes. “Okay, so what’s this one you’re making here?”

“Let me finish, then you can try it.” She watched Hannibal coax pale green foam out of the siphon, dotting it onto the corner of the red cube. He gestured for her to take it. “See if you can guess.”

Bev did as she was told. “Tastes like… Oh my god, *pizza*?”

“Scorched flatbread base, tomato jelly, oregano espuma, finished with a Parmesan tuile.”

“*Damn*,” she laughed. “I can’t believe you made a pizza canape - I will never think of you the same way again.”

Hannibal looked genuinely pleased. “It’s always a pleasurable feeling when we surprise someone.”

Bev considered the food again, and the kitchen - completely overtaken by Hannibal and his unnecessarily complicated apparatus - and felt that niggling worry she had about him relent a little. Yeah, he was weird. But this was all kind of sweet, and either he was absolutely nuts about Will or he did this crazy shit for everyone he dated. Somehow she didn’t think it was the latter.

Finally, she said, “Okay, I admit - this is all really cool. And if those idiots don’t eat this stuff, I will.”

She watched Hannibal finish the pizza canapes with dots of foam and then slide them neatly into the fridge.

“Care to help me with the cake?” he said. The counter was cleared for a cake stand, then he went to the largest box and unsnapped the lid. Out came three pale gold tiers sandwiched together with strawberry-flecked frosting. A large bowl of the same frosting was placed alongside a selection of palette knives and some fresh flowers. From somewhere came a spare apron; Hannibal held it out without a word.

She stared at him for a moment, then sighed. “I don’t think is my area,” she said, putting it on. “But I’ll try.”

Chapter End Notes

Here's the fic post on our tumblr, should you feel like reblogging :)

End Notes

For a complete list of all the stories and for easy viewing of all the art, we made a QS website.

I'm on tumblr and twitter (and very occasionally on pillowfort and dreamwidth).

I also write my own fiction which you can learn more about here.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!